

Sodom

# Of the horrible and wofull Destruction of, Sodome and Gomorra. To the Tune of the nine Muses.

**T**he Scripture playne doth shew and tell,  
How Lot in Sodome Towne did dwell  
Amongst the Sodomites vile:  
He did rebuke their noughty lues,  
Both yong and olde, both men & wines,  
Why do you pour selues defile?

He often times with watry eyes,  
their cause he did lament:  
He wept in Hart, in gréuous wise,  
and bad them to repent,  
Desiring: and praying,  
From sinne they should refrayne,  
Least Body, and Soule be,  
In everlastyng payne.

God doth abhorre that who:ish Bed,  
Whiche thonsands now therein are led,  
and therein still doth dwell:  
They yeld their soules for Sacrifice,  
To filthy sinne in diuers wise,  
Unto the paynes of Hell:  
You rauenyng neyde men (quoth he)  
That Riches haue in stoare,  
Come to the poore I say to the,  
The whiche coms to thy Doze:  
To Fatherlesse, and Wydowes to,  
To pettye them take payne,  
You Surffeters: and Drunkardes now  
From this your sinne refrayne.

When all in bayne, Lot preached still,  
They all did folow their selfe will,  
For that was their desire:  
For his counsell god they passed small,  
In filthy sinne they wallowed all,  
As filthy Swyne in Pyze:  
Then did the Loyde commaund that Lot,  
That he should sone depart:  
From amongst the Sodomites so whot,  
For they should feele great smart:  
The Angell then to hym he saide:  
Come Lot and haste awaye:  
For tyll the tyme that thou be gone,  
Nothyng be done there maye.

The Angell said, loke you not backe,  
To see that wofull sight and wracke,  
Whiche on them now shall light:  
For you out of the Towne are brought,  
And are escaped from their wicked thoughts,  
Wherin they do delgyht:  
Yet Lots wyfe she turnde backe agayne,  
As sone as she was gone,  
For her offence she turned was,  
Into a huge Salt Stone.  
Where she doth stonde continually.  
By Goddes decreed Iudgement:  
Because she brake, and did forsake,  
Goddes good Comaundement.

The Gates of Heauen, God opened than,  
So fyre and Wymstone from thence came,  
And on Sodome dolune did rayne:  
Gomorra Towne they did excell,  
As thicke as Hayle, the fyre it fell,  
And destroyed was every man:  
Both man and Beast were burned to Ashe,  
And Babes in Mothers lap:  
And eke the Chyldezen that did sucke  
On Mothers tender Bap:  
With fier were they burned,  
A wofull gréuous sight,  
They cryed, and shryked,  
No healpe no boote it might.

The Damselles teare their costly gypse  
Their yelow lockes dolune to their eyes,  
And their Heare like Silver wyer:  
Their sownde did reach vnto the Clowdes  
With bitter teares they cryed alowde,  
All burnyng in the fier:  
These Townes like Gold y shyned so bryght  
With flamyng fier is consumed:  
The mighty God hath destroyed quite,  
And brought it to the ground:  
That nought is left the Trueth to say  
But stinkyng Holes and Welles:  
Whiche was a place of braue deyghtes,  
And eke of pleasant smells.

Thus were these Towns brought to decay  
Both all and som the trowth to say,  
saupng Lots Householde then:  
And Lot hymselfe was counted luff,  
Tyll his Doughters tempted hym to luff,  
As the Story sheweth playne:  
Loe, wanton Girles whiche so doth burne,  
In Venus pleasant games.  
If that they may content their turnes,  
And eake their youthfull flames,  
They do desire their Fathers Bed,  
The cankred flesh to please:  
Alas that ye: so wanton be,  
That you wyll neuer cease.

Thou mightie God that sittest on hie,  
Turne our Hartes for thy mercie,  
That now amend we may:  
O Loyde thou saydst, and it may so be,  
The Sodomites should witnes be,  
Against vs at the latter day:  
O heauy sayng, yf that these men,  
Shall sone mercy craue,  
Then we which know Gods sainges, then  
What Iudgement shall we haue:  
O let vs be wyle vs:  
Our sinnes doth so abound,  
For in short space I feare the Loyde,  
In wryth wyll vs confound.

O England thou like Sodome art,  
In filthy sinne doth play thy part,  
What sinnes are found in the:  
Thou dost errede Sodome in sinne,  
Thou carest not for Lots preaching:  
O these heauy newes wyll be,  
Ye be thou sure, and sure agayne:  
The stones that lieth in wall,  
Because we do so saze offend,  
To God for plagues wyll call,  
Therefore let se, amends to be,  
And euery one amende:  
God Loyde I say, graunt this all way,  
And thus I make an end.

FINIS.

**Printed at**  
London by Richard Iohnes for  
Perrie Myrham, dwelling at the  
signe of the blacke Boy: at the  
middle North doore of  
Pauls church.  
C + D